

# FREEDOM

A JOURNAL OF REALISTIC IDEALISM.

*He who dares assert the I  
May calmly wait  
While hurrying fate*

*Meets his demands with sure supply.*—HELEN WILMANS.

*I am owner of the sphere,  
Of the seven stars and the solar year,  
Of Caesar's hand and Plato's brain,  
Of Lord Christ's heart and Shakspeare's strain.*—EMERSON.

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## NEW LIGHT ON OLD LITERATURE.

It would be worth while to study Mental Science if only for the help it gives in understanding some of our best writers.

Words of Emerson's which have seemed obscure and perhaps meaningless to the ordinary reader become rich with their store of thought when illumined by Mental Science.

Emerson says: "There is one mind common to all individual men. Every man is an inlet to the same and all of the same. He that is once admitted to the right of reason is made a free man of the whole estate. Who hath access to this universal mind is a party to all that is or can be done, for this is the only and sovereign agent."

But it is after reading some of Mrs. Wilman's ideas that the full meaning of Emerson's words are unfolded to you. Mrs. Wilman's says, "Man is an outlet for the universal force." For each man is not only an embryonic world but an embryonic universe, co-related in his faculties to all there is in the infinite."

Epictetus, who wrote and taught in the days of Nero, expresses his idea of the God-hood in man thus: "O man! you are a superior thing; you are a portion separated from the Deity; you have in yourself a portion of him. Why then are you ignorant of your own noble descent? Why do you not know whence you came? Will you not remember when you are eating whom you are who eat and whom you feed? When you are in social intercourse, when you are exercising yourself, when you are engaged in discussion, know you not that you are exercising a God? Wretch, you are carrying about a God with you, and you know it not. Do you think I mean some god of silver or of gold, an external? You carry him within yourself, and you perceive not that you are polluting him by impure thoughts and deeds. And if an image of God were present, you would not dare do any of these things which you are doing; but when God himself is present and sees all and hears all, you are not ashamed of thinking and doing such things, ignorant as you are of your own nature and subject to the laws of God. \* \* \*

But the works of God have power of motion, they breathe, they have the faculty of using the appearances of things, and the power of examining them. Being the work of such an artist do you dishonor him? And what shall I say, not only that he made you, but also intrusted you to yourself and made you a deposit to yourself? But if God had intrusted an orphan to you, would you thus neglect him? He has delivered yourself to your own care and says, 'I had no one better to intrust him to than yourself; keep him for me such as

he is by nature, modest, faithful, erect, untrifled, free from passion and perturbation.' Helen Wilman's expresses the same thought when she says, "The material for the making of gods is not lacking; the power to make them is vested in the knowing. To know that the material exists, to recognize our own priceless worth to the universe as well as to ourselves."

It would seem that Shakespeare fully appreciated the power of man's mind over his body, for he says, "our bodies are our gardens, to which our wills are gardeners; so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce, set hyssop and weed up thyme, supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many; why the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills."

Lady Macbeth's death was caused from her thoughts. Thinking killed her, as Shakespeare tells us, for when Macbeth inquired of the doctor as to his wife's condition, the doctor told him she was not so ill as troubled with thick coming fancies that kept her from her rest, where upon Macbeth exclaimed:

"Cure her of that:

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?

Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;

Raze out the written troubles of the brain;

And with some sweet, oblivious antidote,

Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff

Which weighs upon the heart?"

The doctor answered, "therein the patient must minister to himself."

Hamlet tells us that "there is nothing good or bad but thinking makes it so."

How closely akin to the very key-note of what we read in Mental Science to-day are these thoughts of some of the world's greatest writers.

To the lay reader the study of Mental Science makes these authors more comprehensible and enjoyable and once acquainted with them, we find their writings full of Mental Science ideas, so that each throws new light upon the other.

C. S. M.

## THE INDIVIDUAL.

With a few refreshing exceptions, individuals, so-called, are ever busy "discovering what man is greatest, fit to be supreme over them" and when found, hasten to offer "obedience which knows no bounds," and seldom any discretion.

Greatness is universally admired, because it is individually desired. But no such desire will ever be realized by the individual who believes that another is "fit to be supreme over" him.

"Hero-worship" never produced a great man, and "worship" whether of god or man, is self imposed limi-

tation. The "hero-worshiper" at best can only become an expositor of another's originality, adding nothing, but bedimming greatly. For if the discoverer of a truth cannot expound it himself, who can? We do not need "expositors," but need intensely, originators. Originals cannot be bettered, (they must be surpassed), but will live or die according to the amount of truth disclosed. The difficulty lies, however, not in the statement, but in the perception of truth. Truth is its own proof, and does not depend on learned exegesis, nor on argument, nor Greek roots for perception, but is self-evident, and will be recognized in exact proportion to the development of the individual. Truth cannot be transferred from one to another, it must be individually perceived.

Enough of this sycophancy to eternal "authorities," who would thrust their perception of truth into our being. Self-conscious growth produces truth peculiar unto itself, and is the result of the evolution and involution of the individual, or in other words, growth depends on free and independent thought, fearlessly lived up to.

"Each man to himself and each woman to herself" is the inexorable law of evolution. No one can grow for another, and just so long as individuals gaze heavenward for "God sent prophets," instead of searching the unfathomable depths of their own being—wherein lies concealed an Aladdin's Cave "pressed down," and full to overflowing with the sparkling jewels of truth eternal—they must swell the rear guard in the ceaseless march of progress.

Great women and great men do not want followers, they long for comrades "that have never been mastered," to join with them in the struggle for victory. They are those that have proclaimed themselves "loosed of limits and imaginary lines," freed from the shackles "of ancient received opinions," they are their own masters "total and absolute," whom "neither death, nor life, nor things present, nor things to come," shall swerve from their belief in the inalienable right and power of the individual to overcome and conquer.

Oh individual, know that thou art supreme unto thyself! Know that thou art thine own master for weal or woe. And as thou canst not know another, nor thyself be known by the world external,

"To thine own self be true;

And it must follow, as the night the day

Thou canst not then be false to any man."

GEO. F. PENTECOST, JR.

### MEDICINE.

In derision we say, "Throw physic to the dogs!" And again, "Canst thou minister to a mind diseased?" And yet again, "Physician, heal thyself," showing that truth once uttered echoes and re-echoes; vibrates and reverberates. This is law until a cornerstone is well and truly laid.

All down through the centuries these trite sayings have been vibrating out in the great deep, handed on and still on, until to-day, in this last decade of the nineteenth century, we find the most advanced and independent physicians ready, aye, ready to throw physics to the dogs, or would, were it not for the humane society, so disgusted are they with the humbug of it all.

"The practice of medicine is supposed to be the art of restoring the sick to health. The modern practice of

medicine is, to a great extent, employed as if it were a system by which the doctors may cheat nature out of her dues, and act against her laws with impunity; in fact, it is merely a legal method of robbing the community and butchering the public. Ten years ago we seldom heard of a case of appendicitis: to-day, it is not safe to call a doctor unless willing to run the risk of being carved up according to the amount of curiosity the so-called surgeon may have, or being stuffed with the latest discoveries in medicine, to see how they work.

Four hundred years ago Paracelsus made the following remarks; had he made them during the past five years he would have found them just as applicable. He says:

"You have entirely deserted the path indicated by nature, and built up an artificial system, which is fit for nothing but to swindle the public and to prey upon the pockets of the sick. You live upon imposture, and the aid and abetment of the legal profession enables you to carry on your imposture, and to evade punishment by the law."

Verily: Paracelsus was 'onto his job,' could he have known of the schemes by which people are compelled to employ a doctor, who, though he might have graduated and received his diploma, yet doesn't know the symptoms of a plain cold from a broken leg. Many call to see a patient and immediately begin to experiment; should the patient be sick he has little hope.—*The Realm, Toronto, Can.*

### ONE DOCTOR'S CONCLUSION.

Dr. D'Unger, a Chicago physician, published a statement a few days ago in which he asserted that he had discovered a plan whereby human life might be prolonged almost indefinitely. There is no such thing as natural death, he asserted. Life never deserts a good, healthy body, and people might just as easily live to be 100 or more as to die off by the million before the age of thirty. After forty-six years of investigation and study Dr. D'Unger has concluded that man is a self-repairing machine; that to mix the blood and cram the body with nasty drugs to correct an injury to some particular one of the many organs is most pernicious; that, after all is said and done, nature is the great doctor, and if drugs are administered at all it must be with judicious care, aiming at nothing more than to assist nature in her work of prevention and cure.

This physician looks upon disease as an accident and not a necessity. If perfectly healthy men, with strong blood in their veins, would marry none but healthy and strong-blooded women, and vice versa, upon his theory 100 years from now the earth would be peopled with a race of human beings alongside of which the present members of the population would seem as pigmies. Doctors, except in surgery, would no longer be needed. People would die, he admits, but not of disease. Casualties, wars and wrecks would keep down the population. Nearly all mankind would live to be centenarians if they kept away from buzz saws, and life would be sweeter and happier in every way. He points out that there is no fixed limit to human life and cites the records for one instance in which 370 years were attained. Here is the prescription: To avoid sickness you must give proper attention to the body and its nutrition. To prolong life you must hearken to the voice of nature and obey her laws. These terms are very general, but they present the doctor's theory in a nutshell.—*Ex.*



## BIBLE CLASS.

FOURTH WEEK.

By C. C. Post.

Last week I gave accounts of the deluge as related in the various Bibles and legends of different people in the Eastern Hemisphere, some of which reach back thousands of years beyond the date ascribed to Noah. We have now to examine some of those of the people of North and South America. It will be seen that while differing in details, as in what the Ark consisted of, the place where it rested, the names of those who escaped in it, all the stories alike point unmistakably to some dim age of the past when at least a very large portion of the human race was destroyed by drowning.

The Noah of the Mexican Indians is Coxcox. According to Mr. Alfred Maury, paintings illustrating the story of the deluge have been found among no less than five Mexican Tribes. That of the Mechcaneses is remarkably like the one in Genesis, relating how Coxcox and his wife, Xochiquetzel, entered into a boat with animals and food, and how, when the flood subsided they sent out, first a vulture, and then other birds, of which the humming bird brought back a branch in its beak.

In another account Coxcox and his wife are related to have been saved by floating on a log.

And here is one translated from the Aztec language. I can only give a small portion of it however.

"Now at the end of the year the god Titlacahuan had warned Natā and his spouse Nena, saying, 'Make no more wine of Agave, but begin to hollow out a great cypress, and you will enter into it when in the month Tozontli the water approaches the sky.'

"Then they entered in, and when the god had closed the door, he said, 'Thou shalt eat but one ear of maize, and thy wife one also.'

"But as soon as they had finished they went out, and the water remained calm, for the wood no longer moved, and, on opening it, they began to see fish.

"Then they lit a fire, by rubbing together pieces of wood, and they roasted fish.

"The gods Citlallinicue and Citlalatonac, instantly looking down said: 'Divine Lord, what is that fire that is making there? Why do they thus smoke the sky?' At once Titlacahuan-Tezcatlipoca descended. He began to chide, saying, 'Who has made this fire here?' And, seizing hold of the fish, he shaped their loins and heads, and they were transformed into dogs."

I know that some of these names are awful, but I am not "making them up as I go along." Nobody could I think, and you children, young or old, can skip as many of them as you like.

What seems especially curious is the fact that the Toltecs of Mexico have, in addition to their story of the flood, one of the building of a very high tower by which they hoped to escape if there ever came another flood; also of a confusion of languages and consequent scattering of the people.

Among the natives of Bogota, in South America, there is a tale of how one of the inferior gods became angry and caused a flood which did a great amount of damage. To punish him for this his superior god ordered him forever after to carry the world on his shoulder. Every once in a while he gets tired and shifts it to the other shoulder which is the cause of earthquakes.

But strangest of all is the statement made by Mr. George Catlin, a well known authority upon Indian customs, that the Mandan Indians (the Mandans formerly lived, I think, somewhere in our Lake Superior region,) in their annual religious ceremonies made use of a large

vessel constructed much like what we call a "hogshead" but which they called the "big canoe," and which was apparently intended to represent the Ark.

In Mr. Donnelly's "Atlantis," he quotes from Mr. Catlin's "North American Indians," the following interesting account of the religious ceremony referred to:

"On the day set apart for the commencement of the ceremonies a solitary figure is seen approaching the village.

"During the deafening din and confusion within the pickets of the village the figure discovered on the prairie continued to approach with a dignified step, and in right line toward the village; all eyes were upon him, and he at length made his appearance within the pickets, and proceeded toward the center of the village, where all the chiefs and braves stood ready to receive him, which they did in a cordial manner by shaking hands, recognizing him as an old acquaintance, and pronouncing his name, Nu-mohk-muck-a-nah (*the first or only man*).

The body of this strange personage, which was chiefly naked, was painted with white clay, so as to resemble at a distance a white man. He enters the medicine lodge, and goes through certain mysterious ceremonies.

"During the whole of this day Nu-mohk-muck-a-nah (*the first or only man*) travelled through the village, stopping in front of each man's lodge, and crying until the owner of the lodge came out and asked who he was, and what was the matter? To which he replied by narrating the sad catastrophe which had happened on the earth's surface by the overflowing of the waters, saying that he was the only person saved from the universal calamity; that he landed his big canoe on a high mountain in the west, where he now resides; that he has come to open the medicine lodge, which must needs receive a present of an edged tool from the owner of every wigwam, that it may be sacrificed to the water; for, he says, 'if this is not done there will be another flood, and no one will be saved, as it was with such tools that the big canoe was made.'

"Having visited every lodge in the village during the day, and having received such a present from each as a hatchet, a knife, etc. (which is undoubtedly always prepared ready for the occasion), he places them in the medicine lodge; and, on the last day of the ceremony, they are thrown into a deep place in the river—sacrificed to the Spirit of the Waters."

A further part of the ceremony consisted in twelve men dancing around the ark, or big canoe, of whom two were painted perfectly black, two vermilion red, and others partially white. All wore horns, (probably of buffalo) upon their heads, as was once done in Asia in honor of the god Bel, or Baal, and they called the dance Bel-lohek-pie.

The story which accompanied the ceremony, or upon which it was founded, is that the world was once a big tortoise, or turtle, covered with earth, and floating on the water. That one day some white men digging for badgers got through the covering of earth and pierced the shell of the turtle, which, frightened and hurt, sank to the bottom of the Sea and so drowned everybody except the one man who escaped in the big canoe.

The Okanagan Indians say that long, long ago, when the sun was no bigger than a star, the people lived on an Island and were very wicked, so much so that Seomalt, who appears to have been a female god, became angry and drove them all to one end of the Island and then broke that end off and pushed it out to sea, where it floated about, driven hither and thither by wind and tide until all had died but one man and one woman, who finally escaped to the mainland in a canoe.

Among the Indians who lived along the Delaware river, the story of the deluge is connected with the worship of snakes through which the people became cor-

rupt. Before the introduction of snake worship the people were all good. "All were willingly pleased, all were easy thinking, all were well-happified. But after a time a snake priest brings on earth secretly the worship of the god of the snakes, Wakon, then came wickedness, crime and unhappiness; and bad weather was coming, distemper was coming, death was coming." All this happened very long ago at the first land beyond the great ocean.

The following is their song, or chant, of the flood:

"There was, long ago, a powerful snake, *Maskanako*, when the men had become bad beings. This strong snake had become the foe of the Jins, and they became troubled, hating each other. Both were fighting, both were spoiling, both were never peaceful. And they were fighting, least man *Mattapeui* with dead-keeper *Nihaulowie*. And the strong snake readily resolved to destroy or fight the beings or the men. The dark snake he brought, the monster (*Amanyam*) he brought, snake-rushing water he brought (it). *Much water is rushing, much go to hills, much penetrate, much destroying.* Meanwhile at *Tula* (this is the same *Tula* referred to in the Central American legends), at that Island, Nana-Bush (the great hare Nana) becomes the ancestor of beings and men. Being born creeping, he is ready to move and dwell at *Tula*. The beings and men all go forth from the flood creeping in shallow water or swimming afloat, asking which is the way to the turtle-back, *Tula-pin*. But there are many monsters in the way, and some men were devoured by them. But the daughter of a spirit helped them in a boat, saying, 'Come, come,' they were coming and were helped. The name of the boat or raft is *Mokol*."

The Apaches say that only Montezuma and the Coyote escaped the flood, and that Montezuma attempted to build a house that should reach to the sky, but the Great Spirit destroyed it by a thunderbolt.

Numerous other legends of other tribes and people might be given proving almost universal the belief in a deluge that once destroyed a large, perhaps the larger, portion of the human family.

The one noticeable exception appears to be the Egyptians. Although living in a flat country, and commonly supposed to be the oldest of the ancient nations, these people appear to have no traditions pointing to a universal deluge.

Reading these many tales one naturally becomes curious to know how it comes to be that so many different people, speaking so many different languages, and so widely separated have substantially the same traditions. How come the Mandan and other Indian tribes living far north, the Aztecs and others in Mexico and in Central and South America to have virtually the same story of the flood that have the people of Eastern Europe and Asia, and the same as given in Genesis? Or how comes it that the story in Genesis is virtually the same as all the others?

Can any of you children tell?

Any of you older folks got an explanation to offer? Want, I should tell?

All right. If the little girl with brown hair and blue eyes there in the class will come here I will whisper my answer in her ear and she can tell the others.

What? What's that? Says I said I did not know how to account for it myself?

Bless me, I am afraid I shall lose the confidence of my scholars. It will never do not to have some kind of an explanation.

Well then. Supposing that a long, long, long time ago there was a big Island situated in the Atlantic

Ocean somewhere between the mouth of the Mediterranean Sea and the east coast of America; or, since it is just as easy to imagine twenty Islands as one, suppose there was once a chain of Islands, and suppose that upon the larger of this chain of islands man first became civilized, and that from there civilization spread either way, east to Europe, along the shores of the Mediterranean, and on into the regions lying back upon either side, west with immigrants who settled, first, perhaps upon the eastern and northern coast of South America, and thence spread to Central America, Mexico, and Peru.

That a civilization not unlike that of the old world once existed upon this continent is proven by the ruins of cities and pyramids in Central America and in Mexico and of public works, as roads, in Peru, which could only have been constructed by a race well advanced in a knowledge of the arts and sciences, but of whom those inhabiting these countries when Europeans first came to them, knew no more than was disclosed by the ruins themselves.

There is very much in way of evidence to support this idea of not only a large Island, almost a continent, but of a chain of smaller Islands connecting it with the Eastern and Western continents; much that I cannot consider here. Those who wish to investigate the matter more fully should procure and read "Atlantis," a book of nearly five hundred pages, devoted to the compiling of evidence to prove the existence, in remote ages, of such an archipelago of Islands and its subsidence, or sinking beneath the Sea, carrying with it its millions of inhabitants, the source whence the widening stream of civilization had spread to either continent. It can be had at most book stores.

Such a catastrophe, if it occurred, would have been sufficient to check, for ages, the advance of civilization; even to turn backward the car of progress until newly civilized men became savages again.

Of those upon or in the immediate vicinity of the sinking Islands not one could by any possibility have escaped; all must have gone down in the awful swirl of waters that rushed in upon the doomed Islands.

The few, returning upon trading vessels from visits to the colonies upon the shore of either continent seek in vain for the land from which they sailed away upon their outward voyage. Nothing remains but a horrid waste of muddy waters, upon which, mingled with the corpses of their former inhabitants, floats the wreckage of half a hundred cities and twice ten thousand towns and villages.

Imagine, if possible, the effect which the sudden disappearance beneath the sea of England, Ireland and Scotland would have, upon the civilizing influences of this age, and some idea will be had of the effect of the sinking of what may have been little less than a continent, upon the civilization of an earlier age, and upon a people less well acquainted with the laws governing the universe of nature.

Supposing it to have occurred what must have been the effect upon the minds of those who escaped; what the tale the fleeing boatmen carried to the colonists in scattered villages along the shores of Europe and America?

Each escaping crew would have imagined themselves the sole survivors of the awful cataclysm; the shore upon which they landed the only solid earth remaining. For each would naturally have inferred that not only the



islands but the continent lying opposite of them had gone down beneath the sea.

Such sights and such tales may well have palsied the energies, both of those who brought the news and of those to whom they brought it so that they forgot to barter and ceased to build, and sent them flying in mad terror from the very sight of the awful sea that had swallowed up more than one half of all the earth, and which seemed still unappeased and eager for more.

What a horror of the sea must have come upon them; what a paralyzing sense of their own helplessness; what an overpowering impulse to flee to the mountains that lay further inland; leaving everything, forgetting everything, remembering nothing save only the awfulness of that which had taken place and the fear that was upon them.

It is not a matter for wonderment that when their numbed faculties began to awaken a little they should say one to another, "Let us build a tower that shall reach to the sky on which to escape if this portion of the earth sinks also," nor yet that their councils, even their language became confused, and that they scattered in small companies, each carrying with him a memory of the terrors of the deluge and the escape of the one or two persons from whose lips they heard the tale, or that in after generations when savagery had resumed its sway over men, it should assume everywhere, among all people of both continents, a similarity which stamps each and all as but the differing accounts of one and the same awful catastrophe.

Geology furnishes evidence of many things which have occurred to good old Mother Earth since first she gathered herself together in chaos and came forth to her place among the other worlds, but Geology tells no tale of a universal deluge.

None such ever occurred. The stories of the flood as we have read them and as they exist among all people, flow from the same fountain head. They are traditions handed down through a thousand generations and had their common origin in some such catastrophe as we have supposed.

As for the tale as it appears in Genesis, it is, like the story of the creation by which it is preceeded, copied from the legends of people who had an existence thousands of years back of the time ascribed to Adam.

The class will continue to read in Genesis, the members striving to fix in their minds the few points of any importance, as the names of Noah's sons, and the family of nations that are said to have sprung from each.

There is so little that can, in the light of facts already disclosed, be of possible value that I would gladly hurry on through many chapters, but it is well that students read with some care, skipping nothing, and that each strive to discern and judge for himself or herself of the value of the lessons conveyed in the things read of.

The character of any people may be known by the character which they give to their God.

If they represent their God or Gods as being vengeful, and doing cruel and immoral things it is because they themselves are cruel and vengeful and immoral; being ignorant of the fact that the creative power is wholly without hatred or malice, or desire for revenge.

Read the account of the destruction of Sodom. We will, next week, give the Mohammedan account of the same occurrence as it appears in their Bible. As the Mohammedans claim to be the descendants of Ishmael it will be interesting to remember the relation which Ishmael bore to Isaac and to Abraham.

## MUSIC CURES DISEASE.

Music exerts an influence on the human body, and certain circumstances and conditions so affects the nerves as to bring about relief in cases where the idea is to induce sleep. This fact has long been known, but James Lowth, of Chicago, is the first man to direct his attention toward making music a direct application for the cure of ailments.

"The action of music upon the human body is very strong," said Mr. Lowth, who is an expert electrician, and it was through his experiments that he hit upon his present idea. "I was led into an extensive study of the phenomena of emotions produced by and excited in the brain by musical tones, and also their transference by reflex action to the motor nerves and muscles. Following these studies were numerous experiments with instruments that were capable of heavily vibrating their frames or cases, such as music boxes, pianos and pipe organs. Through the stethoscope the frames and sounding boards all vibrated in exact unison with the exciting tone, so that was settled upon as a basis. I selected the organ on account of its continuity of tone and also for its positiveness of vibratory action.

"A cot constructed of thin wood in the form of a sounding board or box is supported by light wooden rods fastened in the sides of a full set of german pipes, the upper ends of the rods being let into the bottom of the cot, giving it a position favoring its resonance. The person taking the treatment is extended at full length on the cot, and a performer takes his place at the usual keyboard. Selections are played to suit the one taking the treatment, and the effect is immensely exhilarating, something curious, and resembling that on the nerves produced by a hearty laugh.

"The tone vibrations derived from contact with a sounding surface on which the person being treated is laid act upon every fiber, fluid and part of the body, as sound permeates and passes through every body interposed between its source and the ear that finally distinguishes it.

"Beneficial changes may be produced in the diseased brains of insane persons by subjecting them to this vibratonic action, as there is no doubt of its efficacy in bringing about cellular changes that will induce healthy conditions.

"All of the nervous troubles, such as paralysis, partial paralysis, progressive paralysis, insomnia, neuralgia, sluggish circulation of the blood, numbness, etc., have been successfully treated so far, and the field promises to enlarge itself."—*New York Herald*.

Mrs. Annie L. Hinman, who for many years has cared for the demented unfortunates at the detention hospital, was taken to the Kankakee insane asylum at 10 o'clock this morning.

She has been adjudged insane, the cause ascribed being her association with those of unsound mind, coupled with overwork and close attention to her duties.—*Indiana Paper*.

Any one, man, woman, or child, can go through a little town in which they are acquainted and get ten cents for a six week subscription to FREEDOM from three out of every four people they meet. Try it and see. If there is opposition to Mental Science ideas among your neighbors six weeks reading of FREEDOM will remove much of it.

## TRUTH.

There's a hand on the rudder that will not flinch,  
 There's no fear in the pilot's face  
 As he guides the worlds, like boats in a storm,  
 Through the rocking seas of space;  
 And whether they make the harbor at last  
 Beyond the shoals and the swell,  
 Or sail forever a shoreless sea,  
 I know that all is well;  
 And I learn these things from the heart of the wood,  
 From the solemn soul of the sea,  
 For never a bird in a wire-bound cage  
 Told all these things to me.

And the soul of man is a sunward bird  
 With wings that are made for flight,  
 To pierce to the fount of the shining day  
 And float through the depths of night;  
 And I read these things in that Bible of God  
 Whose leaves are the spreading sky,  
 And the legible face of the dark green sea,  
 With the eye behind the eye.  
 For truth is not closed in the lids of a book,  
 For its chainless soul is free;  
 And never a bird in a wire-bound cage  
 Told all these things to me.

For truth surges into the open heart  
 And into the willing eye,  
 And streams from the breath of the steaming earth,  
 And drops from the bending sky;  
 'Tis not shut in a book, in a church, or a school,  
 Nor cramped in the chains of a creed,  
 But lives in the open air and the light  
 For all men in their need!  
 But the fish that swims in a goldfish vase  
 Knows not of the salted sea,  
 And never a bird in a wire-bound cage  
 Told all these things to me.

'Tis the Voice that comes from the gilded peaks,  
 From the hills that shoulder the sky.  
 Through the topless heights of a man's own dreams  
 This Voice goes wandering by;  
 And who roams the earth with an open heart,  
 With an ear attuned to hear,  
 Will catch some broken chord of the sound  
 Whenever the Voice comes near.  
 But not past the prison of custom and creed  
 Will the Voice of the vision flee;  
 And never a bird in a wire-bound cage  
 Told all these things to me.

—Sam Walter Floss, in *Yankee Blade*.

In buying railroad tickets at any point in the North or West for any point on the East Coast of Florida, be sure that you get it over the East Coast Railroad via St. Augustine. There are two lines of road, running parallel and only a few miles apart, for a hundred miles, when one branches off at Palatka and crosses to interior towns. If your ticket compels you to come by this road you must make a change and are liable to a detention of hours. Be certain therefore to come via St. Augustine.

"Freedom" is the only paper published whose leading and constantly avowed object is to overcome death right here in this world and right now. If you want to learn something of the newly discovered power vested in man which fits him for this stupendous conquest read this paper, and keep on reading it.

## STOPS HIS HEART AT WILL.

The medical class of the university have been treated to an exhibition by a man who can stop the action of his heart at will. By the use of the phenendoscope, having a number of stethoscopes attached, the students all listened to the beating of the heart, which was very strong and regular.

The sphygmograph, an instrument to record the beating of the heart through the wrist, was next brought into application. The man's arm was strapped in a stationary position, and a sensitive instrument attached, which made a perpendicular motion through a space about half an inch, in response to the pulsations. When Dr. Beard told him to stop his heart, he stood for 40 seconds with no drop of blood within him stirring before the frightened faces of the medical students, who expected to see him fall; but there was a happy disappointment and great applause, as the patient, with a shrug of the shoulders and a twitching of the head, smiled and the pulsation began again.

The only perceptible change noticed in his features was his ghastly pallor. The blood is supposed to make the entire circuit of the body in 22 seconds, so that for the blood to remain perfectly at rest for 40 seconds is considered by medical men to be a wonderful accomplishment.

At one time this subject effected so long an exhibition that it took three hours to restore him to his normal condition. This was in the University of Virginia.

His power is traceable to the same source as the other phenomena in the form of a control of the involuntary muscular fibers of the arterial system by virtue of which the blood pressure is increased to the point of reflexly arresting the heart's action. The matter of control may be either partial or complete, as the subject desires.—*Minneapolis Exchange*.

## PEARLS "DIE."

Prof. Von Schroen of the Naples university declares that diamonds are alive. Be this as it may, there would appear to be many reasons for believing that some precious stones are affected by the health of the wearer. A contribution to an English weekly journal says:

"Pearls and opals are both said to grow dull through the ill health of her by whom they are worn, and the turquoise is said to become pale from the same cause, while I have heard, and on excellent authority, though it is a fact that I can hardly credit, of a ruby ring, which, on the hand of an invalid, went paler and paler until at his death the stones lost their color entirely.

"Pearls are extraordinarily sensitive to the condition of the skin on which they rest. An example of this fact is shown by an episode of which an acquaintance of my own was the heroine. She greatly desired to possess a pearl necklace, and her husband bought a very beautiful one. A month or two afterwards, however, the pearls began to lose their luster and, much annoyed, he took the necklace back to the jeweler who sold it to him.

"The salesman admitted the deterioration. 'You are quite right,' he said, but the truth is that your wife cannot wear pearls next her skin. Let her maid wear the necklace for a few weeks and the pearls will regain their brilliancy. The turquoise, again, will change color. I know of one which, after having been worn for years, turned vivid green when its wearer was passing through the Red sea; possibly it was affected by the temperature of the skin. It is probable that the turquoise has a form of life, as pearls undoubtedly do. A pearl dies as actually as a flower, though its life is a great deal longer, and all its color and brilliancy disappear. Its average life is impossible to estimate, as some pearls are known to be hundreds of years old, but it is probable that the lives of others are far shorter."—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.



# FREEDOM

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## PLEASE NOTICE.

The illustrated edition containing views of the hotel is exhausted. Hereafter the 10 cents subscription will begin with the number containing the illustrations of the Fiji Islanders in the *loro* oven of which we have been compelled to get out an additional issue to meet the demand. We can supply any number of these.

The addresses given below are of persons interested in Mental Science who wish to form the acquaintance of others in their vicinity who are similarly interested:

Jos. C. Cramer, P. O. Box 849, Los Angeles, Cal.

G. L. Storer, 532 9th st., Brooklyn, N. Y.

J. Morgan, 39 Bradford st., Providence, R. I.

W. Urquhart, 3015 Leavenworth St., Omaha, Neb.

## THE POWER OF REPOSE.

The attitude in which the greatest good can come to a person, and also in which the greatest good can outflow from the same person to others is that of repose.

Let no student of Mental Science imagine for a moment that he has reached a position in which he can control the ills of himself and others, until he has achieved permanently the attitude of repose that I am speaking of. This attitude comes from a thorough understanding of the basic principles on which the science rests, and no one who has not passed from the region of blind faith into that of positive knowledge can consider that he has found even a temporary resting place in his search for absolute truth.

There may be times when he is at peace with himself and all the world; times when his hopes are so bright as to banish every cloud and make the remainder of the journey seem wonderfully bright; but this is not repose. To-morrow may change the condition and cause him to feel himself in the midst of irritants that lacerate him all over and fill him with doubt; proving conclusively that he has not reached the blessed state of pure repose which is to him the greatest of all power, and from which emanates unalloyed power to all the world.

Repose in its high sense, only comes to him who has conquered. To conquer, in Mental Science, means the gaining of that knowledge which shows its possessor that all things are truly and forever in his power; shows him that he is master of all fate and all conditions, and has nothing in the universe to fear.

And has any one gained this position? Yes, I have no doubt of it. Mighty things are taking place at this time and conquests are going on that the common people do not imagine possible. There is such a thing as the ascension of conscious, individual life from the lower body—the animal plane of existence, where nearly all the race is living to-day—into the purely logical and reasoning upper brain. And this condition is not temporary with this favored few, but it is becoming more and more permanent all the time; and in proportion as the permanency of this attitude is achieved comes the sense of that deep and abiding repose which interpreted means "I have conquered the animal with all its chaotic conditions and have ascended to the throne of absolute mastery where nothing can shake my power."

To reach this attitude of thought is what Jesus referred to, when he said, "If I be lifted, I will lift all men unto me."

To reach this position in intellectual power has been the effort of all ages. The prophecy of its existence has been felt and acknowledged by every thinking mind. No doubt the Stoics had reference to this thing when they aspired to a state of apathy. For the word that is translated "Apathy" in writings concerning them, meant a great deal more than this word means to us now. It meant to the Stoics a condition of inward peace to be achieved by a compulsion over the feelings and passions; not a compulsion that deadened them, but held them from the torture of grief and despair that follows the thwarting of hope. To be a Stoic did not mean an indifference to the pleasures of life, but to its pains.

This was not the condition of high repose that I am speaking of; but it seemed to be a foreshadowing of it; a step in intellectual growth leading towards it.

The repose that I speak of is a purely intellectual attitude, and its foundation lies in the acceptance of the great truth that all is good; that there is no evil, and cannot be. To the student that has gone through all the logic in Mental Science by which this truth is sustained, it seems easy of acceptance; and yet many students tell me that the truth has as yet borne no fruit in their organizations and they are wondering why this is so. The reason is plain. It is one thing to accept a truth, and another and much greater to have that truth take root deep down in the very foundation of individual being, and wait the slow but sure process of growth to clothe it with flesh and blood, as surely will happen when faith and patient, earnest effort have accomplished their work.

It has been the bane of Mental Science that its vo-

taries have expected results too soon. They did not know that it was a life study, and, that being so, it is a life growth. They thought a few lessons was all that was needed to transform them into such beings as their most fervid imaginations were capable of projecting. They did not consider what it would be to inaugurate so complete a change in the world's belief as would actually transform the race from a condition of deadness leading forever in one unbroken stream to death, to a condition of intellectual vitality that would reverse its downward current and lead it up higher and higher, lifeward and still more lifeward, until every form of disease, old age, and death itself was conquered.

Possibly if they had known this, the trip would have seemed too long and they would have hesitated in undertaking it. The way was veiled in mercy to our poor tired hearts and brains. We thought the first step would bring the rest we longed for, and open to our vision the beauty our secret souls had always desired.

Instead of finding the fruitage of our first hopes, we found food for greater hope; food that strengthened our hope into such robustness as made the long journey seem delightful to us. And all this time the understanding of the great underlying principle of the new metaphysical thought was working its way from the thought into the body, that heavier and denser strata of thought, so slow to be permeated by a new belief. For years this process has been going on, often in weariness and discouragement; yet it has never rested since its first inception in our brains. It has worked its way through our bodies with equal persistence at such times as we were ready to give up in despair as when we have been on the very mountain tops of joy with the hopefulness of it. It has wrought its changes in the muscular tissue and the bony substance of our organizations when we slept, no less than when we waked; for this great and absolute truth that All is Good, that Life is deathless, is the vitalizing seed germ of immortality in every brain that gives it lodgment; and it never rests after finding lodgment; it sprouts; it sends its fibers throughout every atom of the human form, permeating and encircling them all, until at last it holds supreme possession.

Gradually as this growth proceeds, the student's intervals of doubt and distrust become of shorter duration, and his time of feeling sure of himself and the power of the truth vested in him grow longer; until at last—but only after years of such fidelity to the truth as his vasculating thought can command—he finds his reward by perceiving that he no longer vasculates; that he is grounded through and through in the knowledge of the only truth ever spoken by the race that can save to the uttermost every particle of the man both mind and body.

And here he rests. He has found peace; he has found repose; he has entered into that high and mighty place whence issues his power *to speak the word that creates*.

He has become a creator; think of this! He has achieved such conquest over all things as render them negative to his spoken word. And from his altitude of thought his power to heal is unerring. His reposeful trust is in himself. It is in his own knowledge of truth. It cannot be shaken. It is not as if the power rested upon the will of some one else, and was therefore liable to fluctuation. It rests on his own knowledge of his own potency; a potency that has resulted from the organic growth of a mighty truth in and through his personality. And it is because he knows that this potency

is his very own that he has achieved a state of reposeful power that the collapse of worlds will never shake.

H. W.

### MY NEW BOOK.

Such a beautiful compliment, and from such a source! The editor of *London Light*, a paper I have always admired and have imitated as to the size and general appearance of *FREEDOM*, says several nice things about "A Search For Freedom" and about *FREEDOM* itself. He says:

"We have just been reading Helen Wilmans' new book, 'A Search For Freedom.' It is the story of her own life told with captivating brilliance, smartness and humor. It beats the novels on their own ground, and has all the additional charm of truth. Mrs. Wilmans is the editor of that most original and spirited paper, *FREEDOM*, the author of several clever Mental Science books, and a well known healer. We gather too that she expects to win the game against death, and to go on living indefinitely in her beautiful Florida home. This expectation is all of a piece with her extraordinary life. Incidentally the new book gives us some vivid character sketches, and many exceedingly clever reflections upon the thousand life problems which push themselves under the eyes of every one who really counts; but the charm of it is its abandonment, its homely but brilliant outpouring of personal experiences and observation. It is nowhere great, but everywhere amusing. It nowhere thrills, but it everywhere compels one to read on."

When I wrote the book—"A Search For Freedom"—I did it so hurriedly that I hardly stopped to give it a moments consideration. Two years later it came out in book form and I read it as if it had been new. I wanted to form an unbiased opinion of it, and was afraid that the "I" which I have been so assiduously cultivating in myself and others might prove too large for so critical an experiment, so, with a tremendous effort I succeeded in getting a curb bit on it which held it perhaps a little too close to the ground, and began to read.

And I read and I read and I read, and as we children used to say I got more disgusted every minute. It did seem too flat for anything; when I met Mr. Post at dinner my face was longer than three rainy days. I told him the book was a failure.

I went back to it after dinner and soon became submerged in pages and chapters of the noblest reading I ever got hold of. This reading that I call so noble begins where the narratives which all my critics call so brilliant leave off, and my life as a student of man's mighty but undeveloped capacity begins. My opinion of the book was just the reverse of that expressed by the editor of the *Light* and many others.

After a time I mustered up courage to read the first part of the book again, and liked it better than I had done; it is sound characterization of child life; there is no exaggeration or affectation about it; no effort to make the children funny; just simply a transcript of their natural little selves, which in my opinion is always too funny to be improved by any stretching or straining.

In this connection I recall how at one time I lived next door to a woman who was the happy mother of five boys. It was an event to me to see them start to school in the morning. They made me laugh though I could not hear their talk; but the human nature they manifested, and their high vitality seemed to put fresh life into me. Do you know that it only takes a very small amount of fresh vitality to make you laugh? I



used to look at those fellows and laugh quietly to myself scarcely knowing why I was laughing.

But to retrace my steps. I wish the editor of *Light* had read the last part of my book with sufficient thoroughness to have grasped the idea. He did not do it. If he had done so he would not have said "The book is nowhere great."

I am sure that the book is wide open to criticism; the parts are not properly grouped together; the arrangement is not graceful. I was hampered by lack of time, but more hampered still by my ignorance of elegant literature; my use of words has always been limited; I feel the lack of that fine culture that makes the faultless writer. I have known no way but to write briefly and to the point.

It is said that "brevity is the soul of wit; but it is not true. It is the soul of business but not of wit. The wittiest persons I have met had such command of language they could play with thoughts as the jugglers play with balls; they could clothe with neatly fitting and graceful words the things they were telling, producing much finer effects than an ordinary blunderer into the realm of the humorous. In fact culture tells everywhere. It is the lack of it in my book that I deplore. The book hurries along so fast it seems choppy and disconnected; it skips long spaces of time. I suppose I must have been quite tired of it, or quite perplexed about how to wind it up; yet, I am going to stick to it, that with my knowledge of Mental Science and its power to save to the utmost, that the latter part of "A Search For Freedom" is great. It is very great.

Not one of my readers will accuse me of egotism in saying this; they will know that I am simply speaking my honest convictions; that I am judging my book as I would judge the book of another person.

If my friends will accept the opinion of the editor of *Light* concerning the first part of my book, and my own opinion of the latter part of it, I shall be glad. Perhaps they will. At all events I acknowledge my indebtedness to him for his kind words. No one could possibly appreciate them more than I. It is no small thing to be complimented by the editor of so great a paper as *Light*. H. W.

The long cherished dream of scientists of utilizing the sun's rays as fuel to make steam and thus revolutionize the industries is being worked out near Brookline by a Boston scientist. Passengers on the cars of the Boston & Albany Railroad are attracted by the sight of a peculiar iron framework, surrounded by mirrors. This is a part of the first solar engine ever built.

For some time a number of Boston capitalists have been working on this machine, and last Monday afternoon the completed solar engine, crude though it is, was given a successful test.

The running of engines without fuel, by the direct use of the sun's rays, has occupied the attention of scientific men in all ages of experiment. That it has been brought to a success the Boston men interested in the present machine believe, and from the results of the tests it may be said that the direct use of solar power seems only to be a question of commercialism. It remains to be determined that the Boston device is the best or most practicable of its kind.

*Let no reader be misled by directing letters to or making out money orders on "The City Beautiful." This is our prospective name. Our present address is Sea Breeze, Fla.*

## ASLEEP ON THE WATER.

The following extract from one of Benjamin Franklin's letters to a friend is interesting:

"For my own part, I do not find that I grow any older. Being arrived at seventy, and considering that by travelling farther in the same road I should probably be led to the grave, I stopped short, turned about, and walked back again; which done these four years, you may now call me sixty-six. Advise these old friends of ours to follow my example; keep up your spirits, and that will keep up your bodies; you will no more stoop under the weight of age than if you had swallowed a handspike."

Franklin was one of the most hopeful of men. Nothing discouraged him. He was always in high spirits, and was such an inveterate joker that no occasion was too momentous or solemn to forbid his making an appropriate joke. He would probably have been commissioned to frame the Declaration of Independence if there had not been a fear that he would have incorporated a joke into it. Profoundly learned as he was his mind was never heavy. It was always in the upper air of cheerfulness and hope. He was always enjoying himself; always gay; always in a buoyant, positive frame of mind; and that fact, the fact of his continual mental buoyancy, imparts significance to an experience he had on his last journey to America from France when he was about eighty years of age.

He says that after crossing the English channel, he took a bath in a large tank, at Dover, if my memory is correct, and that while in the tank he lay upon his back on the water, floating, and that in that position he fell asleep and slept for about an hour. He says that when he awoke the circumstance appeared to him so incredible that he could not have believed it had it not occurred to himself.

What is the explanation of this extraordinary buoyancy of Franklin's body? One of his biographers introduces the story by saying that "the bodies of some persons are more buoyant than others"—but why? Is it merely that some bodies are larger than others, and so produce a greater displacement of water? Or is it that a buoyant mind produces a buoyant body?

I have noticed that some comparatively thin persons can float on the water, while some comparatively fleshy person cannot.

How shall we account for Franklin's remarkable nap on the water? Was it merely because he was a fat man? Or was it because he had a phenomenally buoyant mind?

HUGH O. PENTECOST,  
836 West End Ave., New York City.

It seems, from the number received, to be as easy to get ten cent subscribers, as to pick apples or oranges. If you have not sent us a club had you not better do so?

Mr. Geo. Osbond, Scientor House, Norman Ave., Devenport, is agent in England for our publications. Any of our publications can be had of him as cheaply as of us. C. C. Post, Business Manager.

## TO MY FRIENDS.

It will be a great help to me if my friends will send me the addresses of sick people; especially of those who have chronic diseases. *I can cure those whom the doctors have failed to cure*, and I want their addresses so that I can let them know it; for Mental Science does surely cure when all else fails; and my charges are moderate. Write the addresses plainly and send them to me here, and accept my warmest thanks in advance. Address Helen Wilms, Sea Breeze, Florida.

## MIND PICTURES BY TELEPHONE.

"Did you ever notice that when an idea becomes fixed in the mind it is very difficult to change it, especially in the case of extremely sensitive and highly nervous persons?" asked a Brooklyn expert on nerves. "Not long ago I had a visit from a man who was afraid he was losing his reason because of a very simple persistence of a certain thought or idea which he could not shake off. The history of the case is one often found in cases of hypochondriasis developed from using the telephone. My patient for about a year's time had occasion to telephone every day to a trade customer in New York—Manhattan if you like. The New Yorker had a peculiar high tenor squeak to his voice, and somehow my friend got to picturing him as a little chap with a thin face. This habit grew day after day until the customer took a real shape and form in the mind of my patient, all based, of course, upon his voice. As he talked over the telephone there always was mentally pictured that little chap with the thin face and squeaky voice. Well, one day my patient called at the office of his New York customer, and as he walked into the place and saw a tall, fat man weighing nearly 300 pounds he could scarcely believe his eyes. When the fat man opened his mouth and talked, my patient says, the squeaky voice with which he was familiar sounded strange and unnatural. He told the owner of the absurd voice, in view of his size, about having pictured him as a little thin person, and there was a good laugh over the odd difference of the reality.

"But the next day when my friend used the telephone and the squeaky voice came to him, he had to struggle to get away from thinking of his fat patron as being little and thin. He talked the matter over with his wife and laughed about it, but soon there came a time when he forgot all about the actual existence of his customer, and the little thin-faced chap was again talking to him over the wire. Then it was that he came to me. He feared, he said, that his mind was giving way, because of the persistence of the odd picture of the thin man. I thought the case was easily disposed of, and told my friend to go to New York every day for a week and visit his fat customer. This he did, but every time he telephoned the squeaky voice would bring up the mental picture formed before he had set eyes on its owner.

"I was in despair and my patient was growing gray from worrying when I hit upon the happy expedient of placing a photograph of the fat man on the telephone, where the eye of the patient could rest upon it as he talked. The result was the disappearance forever of the thin chap. My patient, in looking at the picture of the owner of the squeaky voice, got his mind working upon the same lines that would have been followed had he met the fat man face to face the first time he heard his voice. These cases are common every day. We form queerly opposite pictures of men and women we hear over the telephone and never see, but in the great majority of instances the impression is a momentary one, and it is seldom that the mistake is ever forced upon us in the startling way described by the patient I told of.

"The telephone, by the way, has produced very many queer cases of neurasthenia that remain unaccountable excepting on the hypothesis that the new habit brings them into existence. I have had very many patients who had to give up the use of the 'phone altogether where it had been used to a great extent before."—*New York Sun*.

## THE MYSTERY OF SLEEP.

The sleep of a human being, if we are not too busy to attend to the matter, always evokes a certain feeling of awe. Go into a room where a person is sleeping and it is difficult to resist the sense that one is in the presence of the central mystery of existence. People who remember how constantly they see old Jones asleep in the club library will smile at this: but look quietly and alone at even old Jones, and the sense of mystery will soon develop. It is no good to say that sleep is only "moving" because it looks like death. The person who is breathing so loudly as to take away all thought of death causes the sense of awe quite as easily as the silent sleeper who hardly seems to breathe. We see death seldom, but were it more familiar we doubt if a corpse would inspire so much awe as the unconscious and sleeping figure—a smiling, irresponsible doll of flesh and blood, but a doll to whom in a second may be recalled a proud, active, controlling consciousness which will ride his bodily and his mental horse with a hand of iron, which will force that body to endure toil and misery, and will make that mind, now wandering in paths of fantastic folly, grapple with some great problem, or throw all its force into the ruling, the saving or the destruction of mankind. The corpse is only so much bone, muscle and tissue. The sleeping body is the house which a quick and eager master has only left for an hour or so. Let any one who thinks sleep is no mystery try to observe in himself the process by which sleep comes, and to notice how and when and under what conditions he loses consciousness. He will, of course, utterly fail to put his finger on the moment of sleep coming, but in striving to get as close as he can to the phenomena of sleep, he will realize how great is the mystery which he is trying to fathom.—*London Spectator*.

"Ask thy lone self what laws are plain to thee,  
Thee and no other—stand or fall by them!  
This is the part for thee."

By this method we shall become fully individualized; cease to defer to the views and opinions of others in matters intensely personal. Although no man lives wholly to himself, all being so bound together in ties of humanity as to make the well-being of one the good of all, yet he who carries all questions of personal and vital interest before the tribunal of his own intellect and settles them by its inherent light is best equipped to help his associates in the upward climb.

Life here is full of golden opportunities for growth; a school that demands our best efforts to learn its lessons. Is it wise to purchase temporary ease at the expense of forfeiting our power to cope with and conquer the obstacles that confront the growing spirit?

The powers of body and mind are dwarfed or paralyzed if not used. The infant would never learn to walk if he was spared the effort of trying by being trundled about in a luxurious perambulator; he must try for himself at the risk of many a bruise and tumble until his little heart rejoices in the power to run about at his pleasure.

Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers; if we are to overcome death by spiritualizing the body we must cultivate the highest spiritual qualities. Love is pre-eminently the highest attribute of the mind. Life is love! If we lack this we lack in a vital point: To listen to the inward voice, to be guided by that light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world is to live truly as the children of light, for all such, there will be no eclipse, for the light will shine on their pathway brighter and brighter unto the perfect day. E. S. HILL.



## THE WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

I have a correspondent who has a wealthy uncle and who feels that he has claims on him. The uncle is evidently interested in the young man as he put him in my care some months ago to be treated for dissipation; this fact the young man knew nothing of.

By slow degree he recovered from his dissipated habits and began to correspond with me, not knowing that I knew him through his uncle. His first letters were full of abuse of the uncle because he was not giving him enough money. He wanted me to treat his uncle for this fault and said he would pay double for it as soon as my treatments began to work. I refused to do it on any terms, and asked him what honorable right he had to claim even a dollar from his uncle. I wrote him kindly, and made several statements in my letter that seem to interest him, and I got another letter from him. Presently I induced him to study the science, which he did, though rather superficially, for a time. Even yet he has not come into the broad conception of justice our principles call for; neither is he recognizing the mighty power vested in the individual.

In his last letter he said that he believed he had sowed all his wild oats and was resolved to go into business; "what shall I do for capital?" he demanded. "I am sure" he continued that you will oppose my asking my uncle for it, though I fully believe he would let me have it gladly, knowing that I was going to use it legitimately."

I replied in this way; I said "it is not capital you lack this minute; it is manhood. It is that consciousness of power that enables you to put yourself in the lead and to feel sure that the capital will follow after you. The man is greater than money; greater than anything when he gets even a fair conception of the power vested in him. And what are you doing? You are putting capital in the lead and expecting it to do what only can be done with the man in lead."

Now this has a strange sound to the uninitiated; but there is a philosophy in it that I have most thoroughly learned, and that I have the right to understand, having had it drilled into me by such kicks from the law as only happen in cases of the strongest and most perverse blindness.

Again and again have I made ventures—or looked on while my friends were making them—when every external circumstance appeared to be propitious and failure impossible; and yet failure came. Why? Because our trust was in our surroundings and not in the sense of latent but inextinguishable power which proclaims to each individual the unconquerable supremacy of the "I" within him.

In my own experience there came a time when I had no external circumstances to depend on; no rich uncle to assist me; when I could not have borrowed money though I had been hungry; when all the wealth and all the strength I possessed, and there was very little of this, was in my own mind. I was thrown squarely on my feet and had to stand absolutely erect or fall forever.

I stood; and so great is the weakness of human beings in the aggregate that the spectacle of one person standing alone, with head level, albeit quite light and dizzy, that some turned to look, and others made a note of it; many while looking disapproved of the boldness of self-assertion apparent in the act; but since nothing in all the world draws like the appearance of strength so it

happened—and this is in strict accordance with the law—that a measure of success followed; nothing very large, but large to me, and all the more satisfactory because through the experience came a glimmering of the truth concerning it, which later experiences confirmed.

And now as I look back I see that all my paying enterprises have originated in self conscious power. It seems as if the world cannot beat me at having a big opinion of myself. And yet I laugh as I say this, and feel sure that I am among the least egotistical of women. I suppose this seeming contradiction is because I see every other person as large as powerful and as strong as myself, so that I do not feel as if I stood higher than the least child among them.

My self confidence comes from my having reasoned out the true position of man among his surroundings; this for one thing; then the power of thought, which no one knows very much about, but which is the most tremendous force on earth, has proved to me in a thousand instances that it stands at the head of all things and can command all the blessings of wealth and health and life. I have touched the outer vestibule of this mighty condition; as sure as life exists I have done so; and why should I not be able to tell how much stronger the man is than the money he desires to handle?

The other day some personal friends came; I had not seen them for at least ten years. They are people of distinction; Mrs. Ada A. Hill and her daughter Rena from Peoria, Ill. Mrs. Hill was a mental healer before I knew anything about the subject; before I had even heard of it. I was interested in it enough to attend a congress of Mental Scientists in Chicago, and there I met Mrs. Hill. She made a strong impression on me then; she makes a stronger impression now, I looked at her closely; I wanted to see if in any respect she had grown to look older or younger. She is as strong in the faith of overcoming old age and death as I am. She simply intends to do. I firmly believe she will.

A superficial glance of her face revealed nothing to me. I could not determine positively that there was any change at all.

Last evening I saw her enter the office and pass on towards the desk; the grace of her movements gave the lie to her age; then I looked at her keenly, critically. There was a splendid vitality manifested in every movement she made, and in the flash of her clear eyes that forbid my calling her old.

That there is any change in the lines of her face or the color of her hair I can't say. But there is an inner consciousness of youthful power in her intellect which radiates from her and which is as sure to externalize itself as dawn develops into day.

Mrs. Hill was one of the earliest purchasers of real estate here after we came. She bought a beautiful lot on the boulevard opposite the park. At this time she is contracting with our builders for the erection of a handsome cottage. I cannot speak with certainty, but I believe Mrs. Hill intends to make this place her headquarters for the future; she will probably bring a good many patients here among those who value her healing powers so highly.

I wish more would come and live here; there is plenty of room here yet. As all Mental Scientists are jolly, and think a good deal of having all the fun out of life they can get, it goes without saying that our social condition is vastly improved by the presence of these friends.

They both understand the Science of pure nonsense and stand squarly with me on this platform; I not only believe that "a little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men," but I contend that lots of nonsense every day is sure to drive all grief away; that just as certain as we use it, never thinking to refuse it, that health and strength and gold galore will hover round us evermore.

If I thought Mr. Post would not read this in proof I would lay the above "stanzy" to him, but I don't dare. He knows that it is hard enough for him to father his own poetry sometimes and be simply — well?

But I did write a sure enough poem once. It was lovely, and I am going to print it right in this space if I can find it. If it does not appear you may know that it cannot be found. I run across it a month ago in an old scrap book and read it aloud to Charley.

"That's glorious," said he, "who wrote it?"

"I did."

"No?"

"Yes I did."

"Why thunder and Tom Walker, Helen, don't you know that I know better than that?"

But here is the poem. As it has no name I shall christen it:

#### EVOLUTION.

A wild waste of mist in her orbit, the world  
Lay pallid as death, lay pulseless and cold,  
'Till her heart turned to flame, and her cloud gauze to gold  
Beneath the hot kisses her sun lover hurled.  
Ages dropped backward all silent and fleet;  
Still under his smile she smiled back from her place,  
'Til her smiles turned to flowers enwreathing her face,  
And the flowers found souls and stood up on their feet.

Found souls and found feet; but the poison of gold,  
And the greed taint that blights with the touch of its gains,  
Left paralyzed wills and paralyzed brains,  
And a stifling damp of the grave yard mold.  
And Love—where was Love in these desolate years?  
Had she died like the souls she had brought into birth—  
Gone down 'neath the curse of a sin laden earth,  
Her sweet life quite drowned in the storm of her tears?

Why Love cannot die; wide spread as the scope  
Of day's limitless ray, and with never the breath  
Of night on her wings, nor the shadow of death,  
But the breath of all warmth, and the warmth of all hope,  
Unknown and unseen in her richness of dower,  
She waits until mortals in blissful surprise  
Shall open their eyes and look into her eyes,  
And know themselves saved as they yield to her power.

Now is not that good? And still Mr. Post will not believe I wrote it. But I remember that I did; I recall the mighty effort I made to get suitable rhymes and yet maintain a certain degree of common sense in the thing; it strained every bone in my body, and my hair had lost a shade of its lovely brick dust hue when it was completed.

[Or—may it not be possible that I did steal it, and that it was my conscience (and the fear of my detection) that made jelly of my bones? Can it be possible that I have become so used to stealing that I don't know my own creations from those I appropriate? No I will not believe it. I actually fished the above poem out of my brain, though I think I am still feeling the consequences of the exhaustion from writing it; I will steal the next one even if I did not steal this one. H. W.]

P. S.—It is the solemn truth that I have found two other poems of my own (barring the doubt) but they are good and I think I will print them. Charley says

in view of the facts he thinks I had better head this department "Apocrypha" instead of "The Waste-Paper Basket," and I ask him what's the difference. H. W.

P. S. No. 2—I have just read this article and find that the different parts of it do not hitch together gracefully. Indeed the latter part has forgotten what the first part was about. As somebody said of another article under similar circumstances, if the first part of it had been afflicted with confluent small-pox there would have been no danger that the latter part would catch it. H. W.

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## TO THE SICK AND DISCOURAGED.

The mind trained to a knowledge of its own power can cure every form of disease. The potency of right thinking has never been measured. *There are divine attributes from higher realms entering into it that are of themselves so elevating and ennobling, and so positive to the lower conditions wherein disease and misfortune and inharmony lurk, that there is nothing too great to expect from a contact with it.* This is true to such an extent that the very elite of the world's thinkers are putting their strongest faith in it, and advocating its efficacy above all other systems of healing. I give a list of a few out of the thousands cured by the mental method:

Mrs. R. P. W. P., Omro, Wis., of nearly every disease in the catalogue. She says she is "so well and happy." In this same place a boy was cured of secret vices after nearly ruining himself. Many cases like this have been perfectly cured when every other effort had failed. Also sex weakness in many forms; loss of vital power, impotency, etc.

C. A. A., Jessup, Md., writes: "My catarrh is well under control; my knees have ceased to pain me, and I feel so cheerful and contented."

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H. W., Menlo Park, Cal., was cured of hemorrhages of the lungs.

O. S. A., Malden, Mass., was cured of chronic constipation, throat trouble, and other things.

J. S., Eureka Springs, Ark., was cured of the use of tobacco by the mental method. He is only one of many so cured; not only of the tobacco habit, but also of drunkenness.

W. S. R., Cheyenne, Wyo., writes: "I wrote for treatment for a near and dear friend who was in an alarming condition from nervous prostration. Now, I am delighted to say, in one month's time the nervousness is almost entirely gone. And, the grandest feature of all, the old beliefs (insanity) are fading from his mind. The work of healing is going on rapidly."

Mrs. F. C., Earlville, Iowa, was cured of heart disease; also of liver and kidney trouble and a tumor in her side.

M. L., Pioneer Press Building, St. Paul, Minn., was cured of dyspepsia, sleeplessness, and sensitiveness.

Many persons are being cured of mental and moral defects; such as lack of self-esteem, lack of business courage, and other weaknesses that stand in the way of a successful career.

H. S., Sedalia, Mo., writes: "Under your kind treatment I am entirely recovered from nervous dyspepsia. And this is not all. I have undergone a marvelous mental change. My memory is better and my will power stronger. Mental Science has breathed new life into me. Such strength and courage as I now have are beyond price."

J. K., 19th St., West Chicago, Ill.: "There is nothing to compare with this mental treatment in its ability to heal; it draws on the fountain of vital power within the patient and supplies every part of the body with new vigor."

Mrs. M. K., Hays, Kan., writes: "My life was worthless. I was so wretched all over, both mentally and physically, I wanted to die. But now what a change! I will not take up your time in description. I will say this, however: Five years ago I was an old woman. To-day I am young, not only in feeling but also in looks, and my health is splendid. For all this I am indebted to you and Mental Science."

D. B. P., Arlington, Vt., writes: "For four years I made every effort to get relief from a trouble that finally reduced me to a deplorable condition, but without the slightest success. Immediately after beginning the mental treatment I was benefited in a way that drugs do not have the power to approach. Now, after a study of Mental Science, it is very clear to me why my cure was not effected by the old methods. Understanding the law by which cures are worked through the power of mind over matter, it is easy for me to believe that the most deeply-seated diseases can be cured as easily as the slightest disorders. Too much cannot be said for this method of healing; and an earnest study of Mental Science is finding heaven on earth."

Miss I. B. Edmonds, Wash., was cured of ovarian tumor; and dozens of cases of cancer cures have been reported, as well as others of every form of disease recognized by the medical books.

These testimonials—the full addresses of which will be given on application—have been taken at random from hundreds of letters, all testifying to the wonderful power of mind-healing. A good many other letters, wherein the addresses of the writers are given in full, have been published in a pamphlet called THE MIND CURE TREATMENT, which is sent free to all who want it.

Persons interested can write to me for my terms for treatment, which are moderate as compared with those of the medical practitioners. Each one so doing may give me a brief statement of his or her case, age, and sex. The address should be written clearly, so there may be no trouble in answering.

MRS. HELEN WILMANS,  
Sea Breeze, Florida.

## FLORIDA EAST COAST RAILWAY.

Time Table No. 16—In Effect July 18, 1898.

South, Daily. No 35—Lv. Jacksonville 9.20 a m, St Augustine 10.35 a m, Hastings 11.10 a m, Palatka 10.45 a m, Ar. San Mateo 12.45 p m, Lv. San Mateo 7.20 a m, East Palatka 11.30 a m, Ormond 1.00 p m, Daytona 1.11 p m, Port Orange 1.22 p m, New Smyrna 1.55 p m, Oak Hill 2.24 p m, Titusville 3.02 p m, Cocoa 3.43 p m, Rockledge 3.47 p m, Eau Gallie 4.18 p m, Melbourne 4.28 p m, Sebastian 5.12 p m, Ft Pierce 6.20 p m, Eden 6.49 p m, Jensen 6.54 p m, Stuart 7.05 p m, West Jupiter 7.52 p m, West Palm Beach 8.30 p m, Linton 9.00 p m, Ft Lauderdale 9.44 p m, Ar. Miami 10.30 p m.

South. No 39 daily, except Sunday—Lv. Jacksonville 3.20 p m, St Augustine 4.35 p m, Hastings 5.13 p m, Palatka 5.05 p m, Ar. San Mateo 6.55 p m, Lv. San Mateo 3.20 p m, East Palatka 5.30 p m, Ormond 6.59 p m, Daytona 7.11 p m, Port Orange 7.22 p m, Ar. New Smyrna 7.45 p m.

North. No. 78, daily—Lv. Miami 5.30 a m, Ft Lauderdale 6.14 a m, Linton 6.58 a m, West Palm Beach 7.30 a m, West Jupiter 8.07 a m, Stuart 8.55 a m, Jensen 9.06 a m, Eden 9.11 a m, Ft Pierce 9.50 a m, Sebastian 10.50 a m, Melbourne 11.35 a m, Eau Gallie 11.45 a m, Rockledge 12.18 p m, Cocoa 12.22 p m, Titusville 1.04 p m, Oak Hill 1.44 p m, New Smyrna 2.20 p m, Port Orange 2.41 p m, Daytona 2.52 p m, Ormond 3.03 p m, Ar. San Mateo 6.35 p m, Lv. San Mateo 3.20 p m, Palatka 4.10 p m, East Palatka 4.38 p m, Hastings 4.53 p m, St Augustine 5.35 p m, Ar. Jacksonville 6.45 p m.

North. No. 32 daily, except Sunday—Lv. New Smyrna 6.30 a m, Port Orange 6.52 a m, Daytona 7.02 a m, Ormond 7.14 a m, Ar. San Mateo 12.45 p m, Lv. San Mateo 7.20 a m, Palatka 8.20 a m, East Palatka 8.48 a m, Hastings 9.05 a m, St Augustine 9.45 a m, Ar. Jacksonville 10.55 a m.

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10 10 a	2 25 p	Lv. New Smyrna.	Ar.	1 25 p	5 35 p
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"The idea that the race has reached its ultimate development is the most absurd of all its ideas. It may be that the human form has become a crude expression of the shape best adapted to the highest use, and in that case there will be no higher race of animal creatures than man. But if this is so, and I believe it is, then the improvement to be made in him by a constantly growing belief in his own unlimited power will show forth not in any marked change of bodily structure, but in an ever-strengthening, refining, and beautifying process of his present structure."

"A man can be just what he believes he can be, after he understands the Law of Growth or Being."

"Therefore, personal power is simply a matter of knowledge, simply a course of mental training in the right direction; the direction leading towards freedom from his old hampering beliefs in his limitations, and a consequent emancipation from every form of fear."

"The whole tendency of evolution is from inertia to activity, from deadness to life, from obedience to the no-law of inert or unawakened substance to the intelligent attraction which is the law of living or conscious substance."

"Man becomes more free from the no-law of dead matter with every acquisition of intelligence he makes. And he is now approaching a plane of knowledge where he will realize that by the Law of Attraction he can break his allegiance to the earth and float in the air. And this will simply be the beginning of his exploits in this direction."

"The intellect is the shaping power of the body. Every higher thought a man has records itself in some added power in the body; and if this could go on day by day, the body would become more and more a revised edition of a revised mode of thinking."

"The idea that the race has achieved even a minimum of the power that is in store for it is absurd. The idea that the race must continue to wear its fetters because they are 'God-imposed' is still more absurd. Man has no fetters but those of his own ignorance, and nothing but more intelligence will liberate him. You may take from him every visible environment, you may heap him with wealth, you may place him in high position, but unless he has come into the saving knowledge which an intellectual perception of his own boundless resources yields him he is not free. Ignorance still holds him and will pull him down to feebleness, old age, and the grave."

"And what but these—feebleness, old age, and the grave—are our real fetters? What have we gained though we conquer everything else and these remain? Even if the spirit survives the body, who can prove that it has not sustained an almost irreparable loss in the body's decay? Is it reasonable to suppose that true, healthy growth can proceed through the tortuous weakness of old age, decrepitude, and death? No; but instead it is in the conquest of these negations or denials of life that life itself in greater strength and potency is to be found."

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"We worship souls in proportion to their ability to stand alone, even though we lean upon each other in abject helplessness while doing it."

"Each man is not only an embryonic world, but an embryonic universe, co-related in his faculties to all there is in the infinite. He is a creature of perpetual unfoldment. It is in his mental organization to expand forever. But his expansion waits on his recognition of his own nature and power, and he does not recognize them. Lost in the struggle for small accumulations, with eyes bound, he makes his own limitations and becomes the football of fate and circumstance, praying for deliverance to some far away, imaginary God, when all the time the power that would deliver him lies within himself, unrecognized and undreamed of."

"Man is an outlet for the universal force. He is God's necessity for expression."

"We are world builders, but we must build the builders before we build the world. When once we have learned—through the mastery of mind—how to govern, we shall find ourselves the delegated power of creation; we shall be creators."

"Love is no weak, dependent thing. It is strength's overplus; and strength is not generated by self-denial and self-abasement, but only by affirmation of the glory of self."

"How can I respect any man's opinion unless his opinion is his own? If he is simply an atom in the great integral pot of mush called humanity, and thinks and believes and feels and acts with it, of what use is his opinion to me? Do I not already know it, and know that it is nothing? Have I not already measured its ignorance, its stupidity, its cowardice, from my own personal contact with it?"

"All power is in individualization. The greatest word in the language is the word 'I.' The word 'I' is the sign-manual of the conqueror. Put the 'I' in the lead and every force in life follows. I vindicate myself against all the man-crushing, humiliating creeds ever formulated by the simple pronunciation of the word 'I.' You who are looking for God, turn your eyes inward and find Him in the 'I.' And when life is found what will be the result? A revolution the like of which the world has never seen. We shall arise like giants who had been bound in sleep by some fairy spell for thousands of years, to find ourselves no longer dumb slaves to time and circumstance, but masters of time and makers of circumstance."

"No law makes sickness and death compulsory; man is neither doomed nor damned except by his own ignorance."

"Trust thyself. No gentle string is touched upon life's cords when these words are spoken."

"I am here. I cannot shirk my own responsibility. Nay, there is a word just fitted to the place and worth a thousand 'cannots,' I will not do it. Though the life I feel stirring within me may be the feeblest bantling of a life ever born out of the deep abyss whence all life issues, yet it is mine; my one life is looking abroad upon the illimitable panorama of universal life; pushed and jostled by a thousand stronger lives, yet—such as it is—it calls for a response which I speak in those old, old words, 'Lord, here am I.'"

"By these words am I pledged to stand fast by myself: to trust myself. I will give loose rein to my imagination and thereby magnify myself. I will hold myself up in my own thought as a creature of supreme worth, of unfailing integrity, of constantly unfolding gifts of the rarest merit, of benevolence, charity, health, strength, and beauty. All the gifts of a human being develop under the life-inspiring influence of self-trust, and it is in this way I will train myself in this the most needful of all possessions."

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BY HELEN WILMANS.

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"I am doing what lies in my power to bring thoughtful people here in order that we may solve the purpose of our being, in the development of many high and advanced truths upon the understanding of which the growth and prosperity of the race depend. The object of such a movement is nothing less than divine. That the race will derive fresh impulse for good from it I firmly believe."

"But what is the character of such a movement?"

"This question is hard to answer because the answer involves a knowledge of unknown things. I can state positively that its aims are the highest ever yet projected upward. Where it will lead I can no more tell than the seed of a flower can tell what the flower will be. The only condition agreed upon by those who come will be one that liberates each brain to the greatest freedom of thought. There will be no creed and no effort to press thought into ready-made grooves. It is for the purpose of liberating thought, leaving it free to search untrodden domains of mind that we come. We come as students to a school: the subject of our study is the latent powers of man. Knowledge of man alone is freedom and happiness and power."

"I believe that heaven is self-evolved, and regard its postponement to a future world as a grave mistake. I accept the old adage, 'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,' and so prefer to make the best of what we have here, rather than trust the unproven future—that 'better world.'"

"Though even if there are better worlds, thousands of them, the fact would furnish us no excuse for postponement of our individual development as the present citizens of a world nearly all of whose forces are unknown to us as yet."

"Intellectual power in the individual comes from the concentration of the mind upon an idea until the truth or falsity of the idea becomes apparent. Likewise the power of the race in the unfoldment of a race problem must come from a concentrated effort to discover a hitherto unfolded racial capacity; and this is the meaning of the movement I am inaugurating here."

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BY C. C. POST.

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"The title to this book, 'Metaphysical Essays,' sounds like dull reading," so writes a correspondent, "when in reality it is one of the clearest, most vivid, and life-giving volumes I ever got hold of. Its power to hold the reader grows from the first to the last chapter. Long before I had finished it I found myself turning over the leaves with a feeling that I must have them, as they were giving out too quick. The student who fails to purchase this book will make a great mistake. The chapter on Fear alone is worth ten times the price of the book."

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## THE HOME COURSE IN MENTAL SCIENCE.

BY HELEN WILMANS.

All the books heretofore enumerated in these columns are but trickling streams flowing from the philosophical and scientific statement of the Law of Being, which this Home Course of study surely is. We talk of Oriental Occultism and the individual power evolved from an understanding of it, but these lessons in Mental Science embrace all that has ever been known in these fields of thought, and much more. They show the slow unfolding of man's powers in the past, a showing that leads up to the present varied expression of these powers, and that points with unerring knowledge to the way these powers can be still further unfolded, until man can be master of all things; master of disease, old age, and death, and, what is better still, master of life—life eternal in this world here and now.

I will not mince the truth with regard to these lessons. They do literally overshadow every form of philosophy and every scientific explanation of the cosmos yet offered the reading public. They explain all; they make the great problem of "how we came here" as clear as spring water; they show who our creator is and by what means creation came and is still proceeding.

The knowledge of the life principle which is unfolded in these lessons is nothing less than the law of all organization, of all growth, to understand which puts a man in a position of unrivaled power with regard to his own body and his surroundings. With the understanding of this law there will be no more weakness of any kind; no more fear or anxiety or despondency; no more failures in any department of life; no more poverty, no more of the sorrows of existence, but only its joys, its triumphs, its happiness.

It seems too much to say even what I have said, and yet the half has not been told. The race has lived in the negative pole of its existence and been submerged by mistaken conceptions of its own weakness; but now it is passing to the positive pole, where all its ideas are beginning to undergo the most radical change imaginable; where, instead of seeing its smallness and incompetency, it is seeing its embryonic greatness and potency, and also how to develop these latent powers and bring them into such active and practical use that the whole world will take on new force and character. We have been infants in intelligence, but we are ready to spring into manhood and womanhood through the simple understanding of the Law of Growth, and how to apply it to our individual needs. All this is taught in this Home Course in the most clear, concise, and forcible manner. No extracts will be offered from them, but the names of the different lessons will be substituted instead. The names of the lessons are as follows:

- |                                       |   |
|---------------------------------------|---|
| 1. Omnipresent Life.                  | 12. The King on His Throne.                       |
| 2. Thought, the Body-Builder.         | 13. Mental Science a Race Movement.               |
| 3. Our Beliefs.                       | 14. Mental Science Incarnate in Flesh and Blood.  |
| 4. Denials.                           | 15. Personality and Individuality.                |
| 5. Affirmations.                      | 16. The Stone the Builders rejected.              |
| 6. The Soul of Things.                | 17. A Noble Egoism the Foundation of Just Action. |
| 7. Faith, Our Guide through the Dark. | 18. Recognition of the Will the Cure of Disease.  |
| 8. Spirit and Body Are One.           | 19. Practical Healing.                            |
| 9. Prayer and Self-Culture.           | 20. Posture of the Will Man.                      |
| 10. The Power Behind the Throne.      |   |
| 11. The Power Above the Throne.       |   |

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## OUR PLACES IN THE UNIVERSAL ZODIAC.

BY W. J. COLVILLE.

This is a work on astrology, containing thirteen chapters, giving character tendencies common to the twelve different houses of the zodiac. Many persons are interested in the delineations which apply to their case. It is really an extremely interesting work. Such books are among the curios of literature, and at this time they are being much sought.

Mr. Colville differs from other authors on this subject, inasmuch as he is entirely free from the spirit of fatalism that runs through every other publication of this kind. While he admits the power of planetary influence, he does not admit that such power is final in its effects upon character. He believes that, no matter what the influences are that make or mar a man at his birth, he can change them to suit himself when he shall know how; and his book abounds in instructions regarding the way to do it. Mr. Colville says:

"The wise man rules his stars; the foolish man obeys them. This is a grand and truthful saying indorsed by all really enlightened astrologers. What is astrology, after all, but the psychic side of stellar science, astronomy as such, dealing only with its physical effects. We teach that every world is alive, that intelligence is universal, that—so called—dead matter has no demonstrable existence, for life is everywhere and every form in nature is in some degree an expression of omnipresent intelligence.

"The error of astrology as commonly taught consists in the constantly reiterated statement that there are good and bad, benefic and malefic influences continually at work upon us, and that we are so subject to these by turn that we are at best but little more than automatic pieces of mechanism operated by agencies entirely beyond our control. Whatever may be thought of the teaching conveyed through our lessons, of one thing we are certain, and that is, we are teaching a view of astrology at variance with all such fatalism; and our entire aim is to induce people to arise in their might and declare their individuality."

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## POVERTY AND ITS CURE.

BY HELEN WILMANS AND LIDA HOOD TALBOT.

The fact that this pamphlet has sold so rapidly is evidence of the wide-spread curse of poverty and of the desire of the people for relief. I quote as follows:

"Can a person by holding certain thoughts create wealth? Yes he can. A man by holding certain thoughts—if he knows the law that relates cause and effect—can actually create wealth by the character of the thoughts he entertains. And this law is easy to understand if one will only take pains to investigate it."

"A mental poor-house projects from itself the spirit of a visible poor-house; and this spirit expresses itself in visible externals correlated to its character."

"A mental palace sends forth the spirit of a visible palace with results that correlate it."

"Mental wealth, which is the recognition of innate ability or native genius, is the only true root of external wealth. External wealth that has not this root is but a floating air plant, and there is no dependence to be placed in it."

"The kingdom is within. What kingdom? Why, the kingdom that represents our highest ideas of opulence, of course. Many people think that to seek religion as it is taught by the creeds is to seek this hidden kingdom. But this is not so. Do the creeds teach the opulence of man's innate capacity? Do they teach that the infinite spirit of strength and health and intelligence and beauty and power is in man? No; they teach just the opposite. They teach man that he is nothing; and this one assertion is his condemnation to perpetual poverty. They teach him that he is the most poverty-stricken wretch in life; that he is destitute of all merit, and deserves nothing. Of all the poor-houses ever erected there is none so utterly given over to destitution as that which the creeds have erected."

"As man is purely a mental creature, so are his surroundings all mental states; and as tone resounds to tone so do your surroundings repeat your mental condition far and near. It is deep calling unto deep all through the shoreless ocean of mind. The sound you send forth comes back to you; no other sound can possibly reach your ears but the one you send out. Your poverty is the protracted echo of your own belief. Learn the science of mind that will change your belief, and by changing it change the whole world for you."

"Poverty and Its Cure." Price 25 cents. Address C. C. Post, Sea Breeze, Florida.

## A HISTORY OF THEOSOPHY.

BY W. J. COLVILLE.

This is Mr. Colville's latest book. Mental training, or soul growth, is the noblest type of culture of the age. All people who are truly alive (alas, the world is full of dead ones) are now beginning to find their highest interest in books which throw light upon this mighty subject. This book may truly be classed among such. I quote from it as follows:

"First, satisfy yourself definitely as to what it is you want to learn, then determine to put yourself in relation with it, and thereby draw yourself to it and it to you."

"Second, if you can find in the ranks of your acquaintance one mind more fully developed than the rest, more fearless and original in its thought and action, you may profitably place yourself *en rapport* with such a mind and vibrate with it; as through the law of consociative action two are better than one, when the two agree as to the object of their search; and, further, it is but reasonable to decide that one who has already advanced in a given direction can help another to advance along the same road."

"Third, keep your own counsel regarding your determination. Do not invite all sorts of prying, curious thoughts to invade the sanctuary or laboratory where you are working; but if you come across two, three, or indeed any number of congenial spirits who are seeking for what you are seeking, admit them to your fellowship, and, whether you can or cannot meet together bodily at stated intervals, agree to unite psychically, regardless of where your flesh may be."

Fourth, take note of all your successes, but make no note of non-success, mis-called failure; for in reality there are no failures. You either have or have not yet succeeded. If you press steadily forward, regardless of seeming lack of results, you will surely awake some day to the glad consciousness of genuine triumph. 'Heaven is not reached by a single bound.'

"Fifth, steadfastly refuse to accept anything as true because someone says it is so. The gnostic and the believer are always two. No believer is a gnostic, and no gnostic is a believer; for the gnostic attitude concerns what we have inwardly discerned or outwardly perceived, as truth has been confirmed to us by our own experience. What lies as yet outside the range of our experience is unknown, but not unknowable to us."

"The true mystic is the calmest, strongest, sweetest, most patient, hopeful, and industrious type of man or woman conceivable, living in a haven of rest, where the tempestuous billows of conflicting authorities and opinions disturb him not. Insulated though not isolated, he is surrounding himself ever more and more completely with an envelope which is a protecting cloak of genial atmosphere, shutting him securely in from all the storms about him."

"Though the true mystic becomes such through silent, patient interior development, no sooner does he receive a truth and see through a proposition than he leaves for a while his mental hermitage to give out this blessing to mankind in whatever way seems to him most appropriate. The sure results of such a life must show themselves in ever-increasing wisdom, strength, and beauty. Thus the true mystic is a wellspring of peace and health, a benediction to all humanity."

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